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PERSEPHONE
AND
OTHER POEMS



CHARLES CAMP TARELLI

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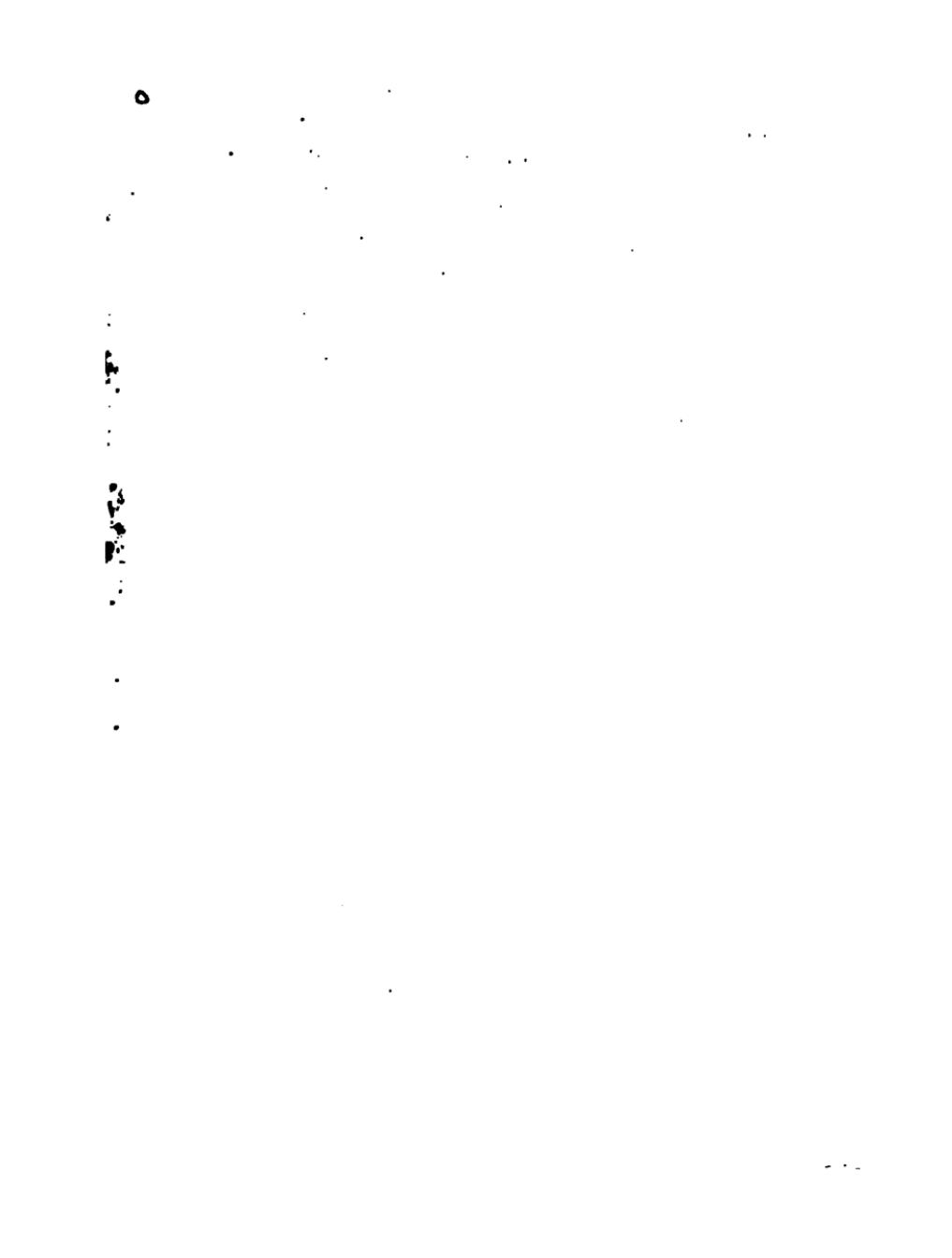


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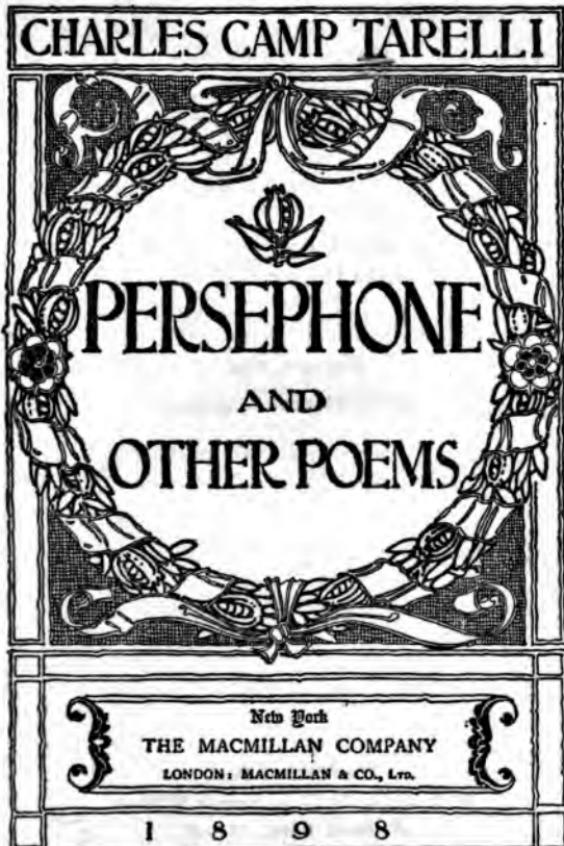
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**PERSEPHONE
AND OTHER POEMS**



CHARLES CAMP TARELLI



PERSEPHONE
AND
OTHER POEMS

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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TO

MY DEAR FRIEND

WILLIAM HENRY WELLS

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FROM

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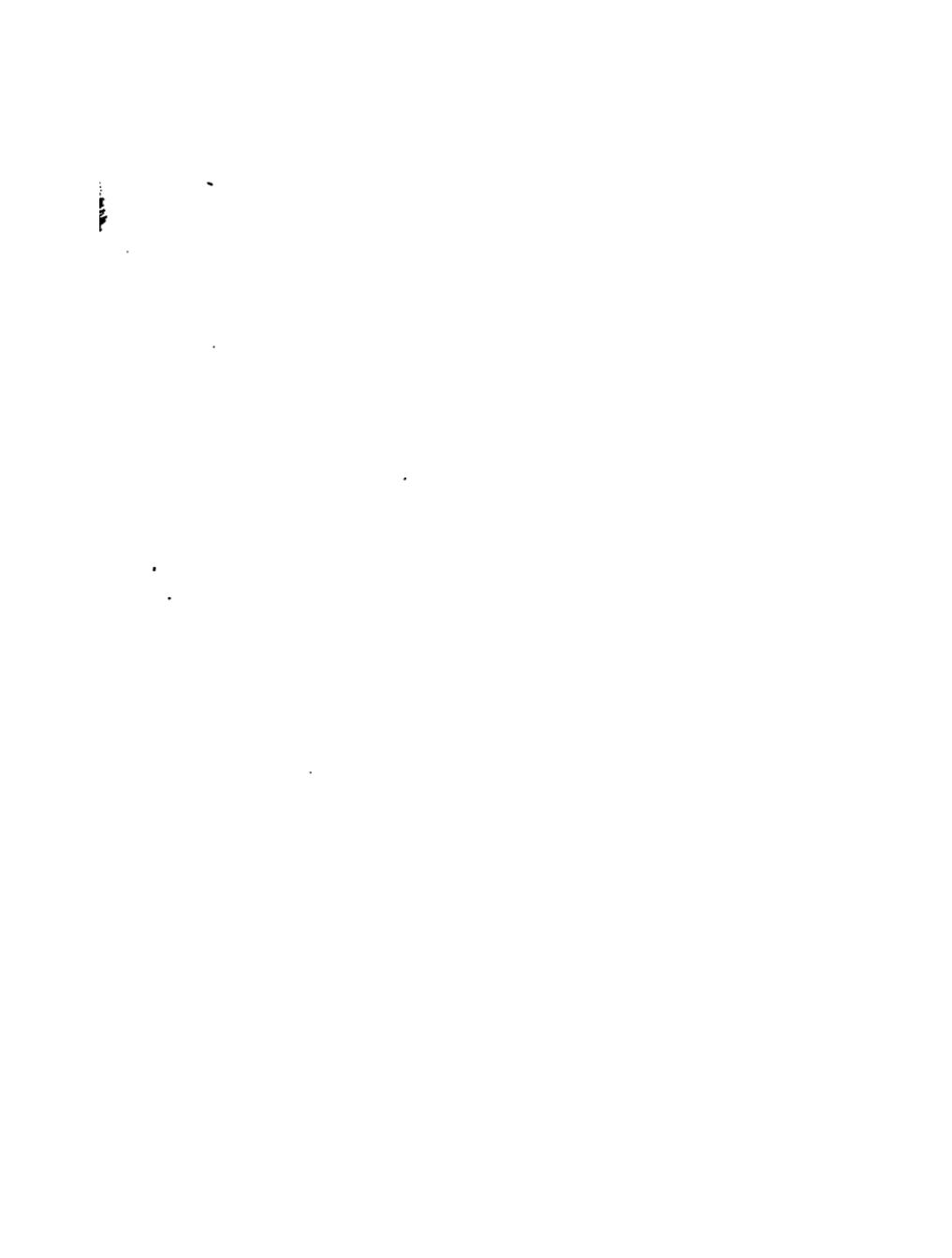
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1

PERSEPHONE



EAVY and grey are the skies in the
slowly gathering darkness,
Ceaseless falls the pattering rain on
the grass and the pebbles,
Damp, and dripping, and sighing, the
trees wave over the pathway ;
Glimmering lights in the streets and twinkling lights
in the windows
Struggle and slowly gain on the dying lustreless day-
light,
Clouded and lustreless day that shuddering dies into
darkness.
Dreary and desolate world, ah ! what of the hopes of
the Summer ?
What of the promise of Spring, and the wistful hopes
of the Summer ?
Where are the golden skies and the bloom of meadow
and garden ?



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Glades that were green in the sun that shone through
tempering branches—
Purple, and golden, and white, the flowers spread
gleaming and twinkling;
Decking the silent woods, they smiled in the smile of
the Goddess,
As with her laughing maidens she walked and loitered
among them,
Plucking the tender blooms with hands whose touch
was a blessing,
Filling her lifted kirtle with primrose and virginal
lily,
Daffodils yellow and full, and crocus, and lovely
narcissus,
Violets shrinking and sweet, and all the flowers that
the springtime
Rains over meadow and wood when days are fragrant
and gracious;
These in her kirtle she gathered, and laughed and
sang with her maidens,
Full of the joy of the time and the rapture of innocent
girlhood.

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND

WILLIAM HENRY WELLS

Bearing the terrified maid to the kingdom of horror
and darkness.

Muse of the weeping lyre, Melpomene, lift me and
fill me !

Feeble and voiceless I am, my weak hand trembles
and wanders

Touching the tight-drawn strings that answer with
querulous sobbing

Broken and faint. O teach me to sing the grief of
the Goddess,

Teach me to trouble the strings with the full-voiced
grief of Demeter,

When, bereaved, distracted, she sought through moun-
tain and valley

Vainly her beautiful child. Long days and nights,
never resting,

Over the mournful earth, and the wailing, unharvested
ocean,

Went the disconsolate Mother, with hurried step and
with peering

Eyes that sought but found not, and filled with tears
as the slow hours
Passed, and gave no sign, no hint of the maiden
belovēd.
Hinds that toiled in the fields, and shepherds that
watched on the mountains,
Nymphs in the clear cold streams, and dryads that hid
in the forests,
Birds that hovered aloft, and shy beasts roving and
browsing,
Wondered and gazed at the dark-robed form as she
passed them unheeding,
Drawing her mantle about her, and ceaselessly moving
and seeking ;
Even the solemn trees, and the laughing flowers, and
the babbling,
Leaping and flowing streams, and the green earth
under her footsteps,
Felt a nameless dread, a vague foreboding of sor-
row ;
Over the whole wide world the lonely grief of the
Goddess

Spread like a long-drawn sigh, and up through the
ocean of ether
Floated, and reached the blissful seats of the happy
Immortals.

Long had the Mighty Mother pursued her all
unavailing
Weary quest, encircling again and again in her
journey
Vainly the orb of lands, when at last at Cyane's
fountain
Pausing she saw in the crisping waves a sparkle of
jewels,
Saw the jewelled zone that had held Persephone's
garments,
Saw, and the gathered grief that filled her quivering
bosom
Broke in a sudden storm of wild and passionate
anguish.
Loud she railed, and cursed the treacherous earth that
had opened

Wide to receive the rapt and helpless form of the Goddess.

Straight over pastures and fields the curse spread killing and blighting;

Cattle sickened and died, the green corn shrivelled and withered,

Frail flowers drooped on the stem, and beasts fell dead in the forest,

Famine, and plague, and death strode swift through homestead and hamlet;

All the earth was afraid at the terrible wrath of Demeter.

Then, as her fugitive streams emerged from their course in the darkness

Far under earth and sea to shine once more in the daylight,

Shaking her dripping locks, arose the nymph Arethusa;

Spoke, and her voice was rippling and clear as the gush of her waters :

“ Mother, to whom the laboured fields their fruitful abundance
Patient and docile yield, obeying thy lightest of gestures,
Blame not the harmless earth that all unwillingly opened,
Cleft by a fierce, irresistible power. For I, as I journeyed,
Borne with my rushing streams in their subterranean channel,
Sudden above me saw the blue skies glowing and splendid,
Sudden beneath me saw the desolate valleys of Hades
Open under my path, and the pallid ghosts in a rustling,
Trembling throng bowed low at the feet of a virginal Goddess,
Whom to his sombre throne the puissant Lord of the darkness
Led by a shrinking hand, arrayed in the signs of his grandeur,

Sceptre, and crown, and sovereign power in the Kingdom of Silence.

Mourn not, O Mother Divine! not mean is the fate
of thy daughter,
Bride of the brother of Zeus, and Queen of the
shadowy legions."

High over mountain and cloud, enthroned in the
clear empyrēan,
Sat the omnipotent Father, who wields the terrible
thunder,
Far below his feet beholding the earth and the
ocean,
Watching with searching eyes the going and coming
of mortals,
Watching the rapid car and the gold-haired Phœbus-
Apollo
Guiding his foaming steeds, while the warm seas
brightened beneath him.
Now before the throne, with towering form and with
flashing

Eyes, indignant, stood the bereaved, disconsolate Mother;
Told in burning words her loss, her search, and demanded
Loud the return of the rapt Persephone. "If, in thy lightness,
Naught to thee is the grief, the pain of the stricken Demeter,
Think of the wrong, the shame to thy child, O Father Eternal.
Not to me alone, to thee is the slight and the insult."
Thus the Mother Divine, but Zeus, benignant and smiling,
Sought to assuage her grief, to calm her tempestuous anger.
"Sudden and violent wooing and sudden and violent winning,
Goddess, thy daughter hath known, but need we so wildly deplore it?
Is he so all unworthy a mate for the child of Demeter—

Lord of a third of the world, my peer, my brother,
co-equal

Ruler of things with me and the trident-bearing
Poseidon?

Is it so poor a dower, the sceptre he yields to the
Goddess?—

Queenship of realms more populous far than the
kingdoms and cities

Ruled by mortal men who bow to me as their
Master?

Wide is the peopled earth, and many the hosts of the
living;

Wider the realms of the shade, and the crowded
legions of silent,

Pale and bodiless ghosts more numberless far than the
toiling,

Striving, rejoicing men who bless thee for prosperous
harvests.

But—for it may be to thee more sweet, more rich and
delightsome,

Seems it to breathe the upper airs, to look on the
glowing

Sun, and the flowering woods, and the green and verdurous meadows,
Quick in the veins to feel the tingle of life, than the regal
Mantle and sway to bear of the realm of the dead and the silent —
If thy child no food, no juice of berry, or water,
Yet shall have tasted or touched in the subterranean kingdom,
Once again may she see the skies and the face of her mother.”

As when a mortal maid, reclined in a blossoming arbour,
Closes her eyes, and, sleeping, is caught in the grip of a phantom
Arm that holds her and bears her away from the fostering daylight,
Out of the sight of the green and smiling world that surrounds her,
Far among valleys of gloom and formless visions of horror,

Shapes that start from the darkness, and strike and
clutch her in passing,
Dreadful faces that hover, implacable, mocking, and
cruel,
Over her — helpless and faint, bewildered she strives
in her terror
Vainly to move her limbs and to cry, but her crying
is stifled —
Speechless and nerveless she sinks in the dreadful
arms that enfold her :
So the rapt Persephone came to the shadowy king-
dom,
Came to the throne of Pluto, and saw the bodiless
Manes
Thronging about her, and bowing low at her feet, as
the dark God.
Crowned her with sovereign power and signs of
queenly dominion.
Trembling, bewildered, mute, she saw, and heard, and
submitted,
Playing a royal part, confused as a child that is chid-
den

Wearing her new-born grandeur, and sick with terror
and anguish,
Throned in the midst of prostrate ghosts, and shrink-
ing to see them,
Knowing no joy to be queen of a realm so bleak and
forbidding —
Naught but sunless gloom, and mournful winds ever
sighing,
Naught but languid streams, and rocks, and pale, in-
substantial
Shades that lived without life and knew not the
rapture of living.
All things filled her with fear; she moved with
shivering horror
Slow through her desolate realm, and longed for the
skies and the sunlight,
Longed for the earth with its flowers, and the sound
of the streams in the mountains,
Longed for the laugh of her maidens, the tender face
of her mother.
Faint and cheerless she wandered through grey and
lustreless gardens,

Where in the chilling breeze the dark boughs drearily
rustled
Over beds of languorous flowers, and unlistening
fountains
Fell with a hollow, monotonous splash into basins of
darkness.
Reaching her hand, she plucked a ripe pomegranate,
and, musing,
Moistened her lips with its juice—and the grim
Fates looked at each other.

Who in the world of the silent dead hath eaten or
drunken
Never again shall see the earth and the face of the
living:
So have the Fates decreed, the three implacable
Sisters,
Pitiless, not to be moved by the prayers of Gods or
of mortals,
Weaving eternal dooms that Zeus himself cannot
alter.

But for Persephone doomed the boundless grief of
Demeter
Half availed, and the power of Zeus the Olympian
father.
Six long months of the year must she pass in the des-
olate kingdom,
Six brief months may she see the skies and the face
of her mother :
So the Father hath willed, and the grudging Fates
have consented.

Half the course of the sun the Goddess sees not
the daylight,
Shut in the depths of earth in the silent mansion of
Orcus ;
Queen of the dull grey world, she rules the shadowy
legions,
Holding imperial sway through all the dominions of
darkness ;
All the hosts of the dead obey her terrible sceptre,
Tremble and shrink if she frown, and wait on her
lightest of movements ;

All the power of the dark-browed king is laid on her shoulders.
But when the breath of Spring is felt in meadow and woodland,
When the blossoms appear, and the green bursts forth in the hedges,
When the choir of birds begins its song in the branches,
When the unfettered streams laugh loud to the echoing mountains,
Then from her dark abode comes forth the beautiful Goddess,
Glad to behold the sun and the glowing skies, the awakened
Woodland, and meadow, and stream, and to hear the birds in the branches,
Glad to feel in her veins the tingle of life, and to revel
Light as a child on the breast of the youthful year, as it surges
Loud and full, a rising wave of the Ocean of Being

Lapping the shores of Time, in the sight of the bountiful Mother.

So is the fate of the Goddess, and so is the being of mortals

Ruled by the powers of the sky and the gods of the kingdom infernal;

Over the whole wide world the lords of light and of darkness,

Lords of life and death, and spirits of pity and terror, Strive without ceasing, and now to one and now to the other

Sways the victorious tide and bears the tokens of triumph.

Earth smiles fair in the Spring, and pageants of Summer and Autumn

Splendid pass and are gone, and frowning, taciturn Winter

Triumphs and reigns with his sceptre of ice and his mantle of darkness.

Man in his youthful prime is light as the flowers of the woodland,

Glowing with vigour and beauty, and strong for labour and battle ;
But, as the swift years pass, his strength decays, and he lapses
Feeble and pale to the grave, to the Acherusian valleys.
Yet, though we die, we know that life is the lord of creation ;
Yet, while Spring returns and chases the shadow of Winter,
While the splendour of blossom and fruit revives with the seasons ;
While, immortal and strong, eternally youthful and lovely,
Far, from Olympian heights, the fair Gods smile upon mortals ;
While the broad-browed Zeus, and Hera, and Pallas-Athene,
Mighty, and wise, and benignant, behold the labour of mortals ;
While, returning with Spring, the sweet Persephone wanders

PERSEPHONE

Blithe through meadow and wood, and gladdens the
eyes of her mother —
Hope in our bosoms will live and put forth tremulous
blossoms.

MAGNA MATER



HUT in the narrow bound
Of the low-walled garden-space—
Houses on either side
Stretching in endless line—
High overhead I see,
In the midnight hush, immense,
Remote, mysterious, deep,
The imperturbable sky.
White and cold as the snow
Of Arctic wastes unsunned,
Clouds in a moving mass
Fill the vaulted space;
Rare brief openings show
A glimpse of the infinite blue,
Blue with a blue that is dark
As a deep still pool in the shade
Of woods unpierced by the sun.
Ever amid the dull

Floating expanse of white,
A gleaming circle spreads
From central brightness, and dim
And dimmer fades as it spreads.
There, as through a veil
Closely woven and thin,
Glimmering shines the moon.
Only again and again,
The solemn march of the clouds
Brings beneath her a rift
In their wind-torn vaporous bulk ;
Then for a moment she smiles
Full and silvery clear,
Greeting the silent night,
To be veiled in a moment again.

Awful the silence grows,
And the chilling calm of the sky ;
Dreadful the infinite depths
Of the blue that the rifts lay bare ;
Far and cold the smile,

The icy smile of the moon ;
Mute, impassive, and grave
The marching legion of clouds.
Hushed is the trouble and stir
Of the labouring hive of men,
And the kindly voices of earth ;
I am alone in a world
Of measureless spaces, and vast
Forces that never stay,
Yet, moving, are ever at rest
In a cold, immovable peace.
Yearning, and pity, and pain,
Love, and passion, and joy,
Touch them not at all ;
They are but pulses and breaths
Of the stern, implacable Power
That knows not pleasure or grief,
That labours not nor rests,
But abides immutably calm
In the midst of the clamour and strife
Of the worlds it makes and destroys —
Worlds and suns that it bears

As the trees bear blossom and leaf,—
Bears to ripen and teem
With crowded life, to freeze
And shrink and die, to turn
A ghastly face to the night,
As yonder the glimmering moon,—
Dead to be whirl'd, to be lost
In the yawning abysses of space,
Like withered leaves that fall
In the silent autumn woods
And drift far off on the wind.
A world of dying and dead ;
A storm that drives in the night
Barks that labour and strain,
Wrecks that stagger and drift —
And I in the midst of the storm,
Lonely, lonely waif
On the breast of the infinite sea,
That bears me for ever on
With its rushing waves that break
On no wide-welcome shore.
Impotent, beaten and tossed,

Still must I move with the tide—
Till my dying strokes grow faint,
And I sink in unsounded deeps,—
Till, relentless and cold,
Under a pitiless sky,
Over my sinking head
The heaving waters close.

Comes a breath to my cheek,
Comes a voice in my ear,
A voice as of winds that stir,
A voice as of shaken pines,
A voice as of murmuring seas.
Hark ! it gathers and grows
All around, from the sky
Falling, and, vague, from the earth
Rising, and from the sea,
Slow from the far-off sea,
Rolling broken and wild.
Low, and strange, and deep,
Inarticulate, now

It breaks like a sob, and now
Falls into silence again ;
Then in a rising wave
Of deep-drawn murmurous sound
Sighs, and I listen and wait.
Louder and fuller it grows,
And clearer, and now I hear,
Plain, distinct, and sweet,
Tender words of rebuke :

Hear, O querulous child,
Who deemest thyself alone,
Lost in the night and the waste !
From the waste, from the night, from the depths
Of star-strewn space, from the heart,
The heart of Nature, I,
The Mighty Mother, speak —
I who move in the course
Of the circling spheres, in the tides
Of ocean and air, who smile
In the warm bright smile of the sun,

In the cold bright smile of the moon,
I who am green in the grass,
Who wave in the yellowing corn,
Who breathe in the living breath
Of all my numberless sons.
I am no cold, no dead
Unfeeling Power, — I am Life.
Yearning, and hope, and love,
Pain and labour I know,
As I bear the worlds and the stars,
As I strive through eternal time
To mould the stubborn clod
To sweetness, and beauty, and grace.
Effort and toil without end,
And doubt of the far-off goal,
These are mine. — And ye,
Men, my children, O men !
Are ye not flesh of my flesh,
Are ye not bone of my bone,
Are ye not blood of my blood ?
Are ye not fruit of my womb
No less than the flaming suns,

No less than the rolling worlds ?
Think ye that I have no joy
In your joy, no pain in your pain ?
Think ye your hopes are not mine ?
Know ye not whence ye are,
Ungrateful sons who forget ?
Whence is your throbbing life,
Your love, your thoughts that stray
Far through the regions of space,
Far through the ages of time ?
Whence the doubt, the fear,
The hope that wings your soul
Through the infinite void
Of darkness unplumbed, unknown ?
Your gathering tears, your joy ?
Unheeding sons ! they are mine,
Mine ! It is I, it is I
Who pour the blood through your veins,
Stir your restless thought,
Kindle the love in your heart.
Mine is the sting of your pain,
Mine is the thrill of your joy.

While ye are strong in my strength,
While ye drink from my breast
Nourishing waters of life,—
Drink, drink deep from my soul
The living waters of hope!

D

A SONG OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE

I



AR behind us into the sea,
Into the heaving shimmering grey-green
sea,
Hanging a moment and suddenly dis-
appearing,
Dips the hot red ball of the flaming sun ;
The hissing waters close above him,
Crimson and gold they tremble and gleam
In a burning track that ends in a hanging line
Of glowing flame on the edge of the sky.
Rapid and straight we cleave the breast of the sea,
And a fresh wind blows in our face with a sprinkle
of salt sharp spray,
And over the rose-grey sea and the rose-grey coast of
the isle

Rises the large and ghostly moon in a pale rose sky.
Nearer and nearer we draw to the island coast,
Till the wide bay holds us fast in its close-enfolding
shores,
And the harbour spreads its arms and takes us in,
And we moor to the lighted pier.

Beautiful island hidden in night !
In the glow of the morning sun, in the breath of the
morning air,
I shall see thy spreading shores with their sloping
green,
The wooded steeps, the sprinkled houses white,
The purple rocks in the bay, the changing hues of
the sea,
The gulls with their sweeping flight and their plain-
tive cry,
Splendour of floating cloud and gleaming sails ;
I shall tread thy winding lanes,
Where mosses and twisted ivy and hanging weeds
Cover the high banks crowned with trees,

And splashes of sunlight dapple the spreading shade ;
I shall dream in thy deep still valleys, and through
my dream
The chatter of flowing streams and the rustle of
swaying boughs
Shall murmur and mix with the songs that sing in
my soul ;
I shall see thy sheltered bays, and hear the thunder-
ing surge
Of the waves on granite boulders scattered and
heaped ;
I shall see the sun on thy rocks, and the rain on thy
well-tilled fields ;
I shall know thee, and love thee, and read thy face,
And leave thee, and sail away.

Ever arriving, ever departing, vagabond still ;
When the bond of the daily task is loosened, ever
away
On the thread of the trodden road, or the flow of the
furrowed sea ;

Tasting the water of life at a thousand various springs,
Loving the changing sights of the world that is set in
my heart ;
The eye is not filled with seeing, the ear with hear-
ing, the soul
Floats like a floating cloud, and rolls like a rolling
wave,
Till the hour shall sound to depart on the unre-
turning march.

II

Out of the darkness into the dawning light,
From the infinite unknown sea and the night that no
man knows,
Remembering not the way, or the ship, or the guid-
ing stars,
We arrive, we disembark on the shores of this island-
world.
The shores are dim in a dim grey light, the hills,
The woods, the broad deep streams, and fields and
cities of men,
Lie half-descried in a glimmering gloom, and large,

Phantasmal rise the shapes that gather about us,
Moving and speaking unfamiliar words ;
All that we see is new, and all that we hear is
strange,
And we look with wondering eyes, and wail with
speechless lips.
We grow with the days and nights and the hurrying
years ;
We look on the world in the light, we move through
the world in the dark,
Under the hot bright sun, and the star-strewn skies
of night ;
And the sights of the undulant fields, and the sounds
of the rustling woods,
The throng and the stir and the clatter of city streets,
The kindly faces of men, and the musical speech of
men,
And love, and hate, and labour, and tears, and joy,
And thoughts of life and death, and hopes and hovering
fears,
Dreams of a doubtful heaven and fabled horrors of
hell,

The splendour and terror that are, and the things we
know not of,
The lucid glory of day and the truths that are cried
aloud,
The gleams that are half-discerned and the whispers
hardly caught —
They move, they quicken and fill us, they charm and
trouble our days ;
These are the breath of our life, these are the pulse
of our blood,
These are the soul of our soul.
If in a weary hour we shrink from the sight and the
sound
And the touch of them all, and long to leave them
and rest, —
The languor past, we bound, we thrill to their magic
again,
We are loath and sad when the hour,
The pitiless hour arrives, and the ship with shadowy
sails
That waits to bear us again to sea.

III

Over the infinite unknown sea
That washes for ever the shores of our island-world,
And vanishes out of sight on every side,
The dark ship bears us away, away from the land
that we love.
The shores grow dim and dimmer, the darkness falls
on our eyes,
Darkness blacker than night with never a star,
Darkness wide and vast — will it ever lift? will the
day
Break with the shining of other suns on far untravelled
lands?
All is still — no sound but the long deep moan of the
sea,
No calling voices of men, no lights of ships that pass;
We rise with the rising wave, we move with the wind
as it blows;
We fall asleep on the deck — we know not if we shall
wake —
We are borne we know not where.

IV

Eternal Spirit, Divine, impalpable, near !
Felt in the throbbing heart, felt in the flow of the
blood ;
Known in the quick surprise of sudden luminous
thoughts
That flash on the dark that broods on the quiet depths
of the soul ;
Subtly pervading the world, guessed at a moment and
lost ;
In the splendour of dawn and sunset and star-lit skies,
In the beauty of spreading fields, and mountain, and
lake, and sea,
Filling us full of thy presence, flooding our hearts
with thy joy,
Till we know that the world is thine, till we doubt not
that all is well—
Strong in the strength of thee, I walk erect, I move
In the sinuous paths of fate,
Light under smiling skies, unbending under the
storm,

Treading with joy the woodland track, the crowded street,
Breathing with joy the fresh-blown air of the swelling downs,
With joy the keen cold blast that shakes the mountain pines,—
Loving the folded valleys, the wide bare plains,
The tumbled brook, and the quietly-flowing stream,
The region of scattered farms, and the dense-packed space of the town,
The sights, the sounds, the life of this island-world—
And hearing undismayed the roar of the lonely sea,
The ceaseless roar of the sea that breaks on its farthest shores,
The vast untravelled sea, unknown, unscanned, but thine,
Eternal Spirit, and whispering ever of thee.
Then when the call shall come to rise, to embark, to sail
In the tall black-masted ship, I will not shrink;

I will yield myself to thee, I will give myself to the
dark —

To the long unwaking sleep, or new undreamed-of
life.

✓

SONNETS

I



THE tide sweeps in along the narrowing shore ;
Drowned is the track where late I walked and mused ;
Each wave, a captive giant freshly loosed,

Magnificently leaps as it would soar
To meet the blue of heaven ; but, long before
That height is reached, all shattered and confused,
It swerves and falls, its massy bulk diffused
In flakes of foam, with baffled dying roar.

So, when thy pulses throb with passion high,
Thou labourest, O my soul ! with piled words
To touch the cloud-hid infinite of thought, —

And failest ; and thine ill-sustained cry
Trembles away in feeble, broken chords,
Wild dissonance of jangled notes distraught.

III. — STARLIGHT IN FOG

The night is cold, and the wan earth appears
As if she had heard the trumpet of her doom
And waited, shrouded for her destined tomb
In clinging fog, the sad remaining years ;
Yet here and there a glimmer of starlight cheers
The darkness, telling how, beyond our gloom,
The warmth that quickened Nature into bloom
Still glows in all her myriad fiery spheres.

E'en so, upon the darkest of our days,
When the world's chilling vapour wraps us round,
A glance, a pressure of the hand, a smile,
Tells us Man's spirit is not wholly vile,
That still some generous, heart-renewing blaze
God-kindled burns amid the night profound.

III.—MAN AND NATURE

Awful she stood, with fiery splendours crowned ;
He bowed his head and hushed his voice for fear,
Covered his eyes, and trembling drew anear,
And laid his few poor gifts upon the ground.
He never knew if grace his offerings found,
He never once might read her meaning clear ;
He fabled soothing words to please his ear,
But when she spoke he shuddered at the sound.

At last he lifted up his head, and bent
A calm, keen gaze upon her ; and she smiled,
And all her secrets told at his command,
And worked his will with forces never spent,
And let him curb her mad caprice, and mild
Obeyed the lightest waving of his hand.

IV

Love's Paradise is very fair to see :
Shot with the sun, about the hidden bowers,
The crisp'd leaves sparkle like golden showers,

And Love is there with all his company ;
Fond words are whispered under every tree,
Fair youths and damsels walk among the flowers
With hands close-clasped, and all the happy
hours
Are full of soft delights, but not for me.

O bitter fate ! O banishment most hard !
I see, but may not enter, and the breeze
Brings to my ears the words I must not name,
Which others speak. All joys are giv'n to these :
To me the gate for ever closed and barred,
The angel and the waving sword of flame.

v. — JUNE 1897

The Roman in his triumphs dragged in chains
Briton, and swarthy Indian, and the tall
Fair-bearded Teuton, and the wild-eyed Gaul,
The dreaded bowman of the Parthian plains ;
And many a tribe whose name alone remains

To after time sent kings and chiefs in thrall
To greet the swelling power so soon to fall,
Trailing a tarnished splendour as it wanes.

But in thy train, dear Lady, who dost wear
The crown of England's glory and her love,
Dark warriors from strange lands beyond the seas,
The turbaned Sikh, Dyak, and Haussa, move,
And, side by side with English heroes, bear
The sword we wield for freedom and for peace.

VI

Long shut in cities, wearied with the fret
Of aimless labour and of pleasures vain,
Vain pleasures, and the unprofitable strain
Of idle learning, thoughts that hover yet
Over the tortured brain that would forget
How gladly all their burden of hard pain,—
Here on thy sacred threshold once again,
Nature ! my home-returning feet are set.

O Mother ! lift again my head low-bowed,
My aching head the bitter garland binds ;
Quicken me with new life ; let thy great winds
Blow on me through the swaying of thy trees ;
Sweep by me with thy pageants of grey cloud,
And rock me with the rolling of thy seas.

THE BALLADE OF THE BOAT



N the green banks that turn and bend
The low sun throws a parting beam;
The lingering light doth fade and blend
With shades that creep, a noiseless
team;

The smitten waters crisp and cream
Above, the loud rooks whirl and soar;
I hear amid their strident scream
The lightplash of the feathered oar.

Let travel-hungry souls contend,
With bellying sail or rolling steam,
To scour the world from end to end,
And hidden treasures to redeem
From Nature's secret shrines, to seem
As gods that rule the seas that roar:
Give me to hear 'mid dace and bream
The lightplash of the feathered oar.

O Time, your restless course suspend,
Or let the Fates who sew and seam
Full store of leisured moments send.
Alas ! howe'er I fret and scheme,
Too soon will come the day, I deem,
When I shall see and hear no more
The lifted blades that glance and gleam,
The lightplash of the feathered oar.

L'ENVoy

Queen Proserpine, is there no stream
In thy dark realms whose leafy shore
May echo, while I float and dream,
The lightplash of the feathered oar ?

LAYS, OR RONDEAUX,

IN THE MANNER OF MASTER FRANÇOIS VILLON

I



ROSES about the arbour twined,
Fragrant and red, that climb and
creep,
And smiling through the trellis
peep,
And lightly rustle in the wind ;
Ye bring my gentle love to mind,
Whose eyes are soft, and blue, and deep,
Roses !

I go her folded bower to find,
To wake her from her summer sleep,
Her clinging hand in mine to keep,
And round her blushing brows to bind
Roses.

II

O come not to my silent tomb,
When I am dust in dust that lies,
And see no more the changing skies,
Cold in the cold and clinging gloom.
Now, ere the swift-approaching doom
Has chilled my heart and closed my eyes,
O come !

Ah ! then there will be little room
For love and joy, and happy sighs,
And whispered words and low replies !
Now, while the flower of love doth bloom,
O come !

III

The rose will bloom when we are dead
With all as deep and rich a hue.
If many be our days, or few,
If sunny skies above our head
Or dark and thunderous clouds be spread,
If false our hearts shall prove, or true,
The rose will bloom.

IV

The falling rain, the wind that sighs,
The droppings from the shivering leaves,
Tears of the lonely night that grieves,
Moans of the air, and broken cries
Of summer bloom that slowly dies,
While mournfully the earth receives
The falling rain.

TRIOLETS

A PARTING

I



KISS the sadly pouting lips,
I stroke and kiss the dimpled
cheek.
From the great eyes a tear-drop slips.
I kiss the sadly pouting lips.
She trembles to the finger-tips ;
I look and look, I cannot speak —
I kiss the sadly pouting lips,
I stroke and kiss the dimpled cheek.

II

Into the dawning light I ride ;
I turn, and see her at the gate.
Farther and farther from her side
Into the dawning light I ride.

She waves her hand. O bare and wide
And homeless world! O heavy fate!
Into the dawning light I ride;
I turn, and see her at the gate.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

RONDEAU REDOUBLE



BEND and kiss the lovely sleeping
face;

Through the sweet lips the soft
breath comes and goes;

There is a deathly stillness in the place,
A fragrance of the plucked, long-faded rose.

The summer air through the wide casement blows ;
She lies a witching shape of languid grace ;
I think, what passionate eyes those lids enclose !
I bend and kiss the lovely sleeping face.

In the white arm the faint blue lines I trace,
Over her limbs the rich robe falls and flows,
Her bosom gleams through threads of delicate lace,
Through the sweet lips the soft breath comes and
goes.

The slumbering house a slumberous shadow throws
Over the long-untended garden-space;
Tangled and thick and high the green hedge grows:
There is a deathly stillness in the place.

The moments pass with slow and silent pace;
In the hot light the heavy arras glows,
And in the voiceless chamber floats and stays
A fragrance of the plucked, long-faded rose.

How long her sleep has lasted no man knows,
Or where he tarries who the spell shall chase;
Her still unbroken slumber plainly shows
I am not he. In vain with warm embrace
I bend and kiss.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ



NDER the boughs a world of tangled
green

Spreads dense and silent, hidden
from the skies.

The shadows close about him, and
between

Tall twisted trunks the night-wind moans and
sighs.

Moans the night-wind, and loud and shrill replies

Sound from the darkness, and the fitful sheen
Of dancing lights gleams where gaunt brackens rise
Under the boughs, a world of tangled green.

And now above and all around are seen

Strange shapes that flit, and shout fantastic cries,
And vanish where the forest's wild demesne
Spreads dense and silent, hidden from the skies.

Many a broad-winged phantom floats and flies
Over his head, and dreadful talons keen
Wound his pale face and strike his startled eyes.
The shadows close about him, and between

The rustling bushes rides the Fairy Queen,
And all her elfin pageant moves and plies
Its secret rites under the leaves that screen
Tall twisted trunks. The night-wind moans and
sighs.

Far in the meadows where the bright sun dries
The lingering dews, wandering with frightened
mien
A lonely charger sniffs the air serene ; —
Silent, and cold, and dead his rider lies
Under the boughs.

TOO LATE

RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ



E rideth fast along the forest-way ;
The dead twigs crack beneath his
horse's tread —
For he had dreamed of precious forms
that lay
In burnt and plundered walls forlorn and dead.

The loud wind showers the leaves upon his head ;
The morning rises damp and cold and grey,
Clouded and black the night-skies o'er him spread ;
He rideth fast along the forest-way.

Over the path the winding creepers stray,
Above the mingled boughs are closely wed ;
He spurs his steed, — he may not rest or stay ;
The dead twigs crack beneath his horse's tread.

And see, in swaying ranks the noiseless band
Of dancing fays in sweeping measures free
Moves sparkling in the light, hand linked in hand,
And dim among the scattered clouds that flee

To the great tides' low-muttered minstrelsy
 Crowding they rise from sombre depths un-
 scanned,
And float from where in solemn majesty
 The ramparts of the Fairy City stand.

Embossed walls by crafty magic planned,
Aërial spires and domes of porphyry —
Ah ! who will bear me to that luring strand,
Home of soft love and all delights that be
Under the moon ?

SESTINA



S, in the stately march of Arnaut's
song,¹

Through line on line the same re-
peated words

Run through their changing order,
and return :

So, from the darkness and the silence cast
On unknown shores, we pass through shifting scenes
Back to the dark and silent world of death.

Trembling upon the verge of life and death,
An inarticulate wail begins our song ;
We learn to love the soon familiar scenes,
To smile upon and greet with stammering words
The tender souls with whom our lot is cast,
The sights that come, and vanish, and return.

¹ The Sestina, invented by Arnaut Daniel, the troubadour, in the thirteenth century.

The seasons in their sure and swift return
Conduct us on the road whose end is death ;
And sun and shadow on our way are cast ;
Love, laughter, tears, and joy, and dance, and song,
Give changing matter to our changing words,
And faces new surround us and new scenes.

Yet though we change our fortunes and our scenes,
The same delights and the same cares return ;
And still our deepest thoughts and lightest words
Harp on the same deep themes of life and death ;
And the same notes are heard in all our song,
In changing sequence and new measures cast.

And as we move a wistful look we cast
On the dear faces and the cherished scenes,
That soon no more shall listen to our song,
That soon shall vanish never to return ;
And more and more the solemn thought of death
Broods on our heart and lingers in our words.

Ah ! impotent and vain are all our words !
The day must come for us to be outcast

And banished in the final doom of death.
And though, amid the old, unchanging scenes,
Still the same sights and sounds endless return,
Yet do we love this life that fills our song.

No less the song must cease in trembling words,
When we return to silence, or are cast
Among new scenes beyond the blank of death.

SESTINA

THE HIGHER SCEPTICISM



ITH stumbling feet, under dark skies
of doubt,
I labour in the rugged way of truth,
Cheered only by bright dreams that
are but dreams

And brief rays from the clouded moon of faith,
And pressing to my heart the lamp of love,
That haply I may reach the feet of God.

O might I look upon the face of God
With glad eyes unafraid, undimmed by doubt,
And drink deep potions of immortal love,
And see the perfect lineaments of truth !
Might I but win again my childish faith,
And lull my thoughts asleep with pleasant dreams !

How happy was I when I lived in dreams,
And dreaming grasped the outstretched hand of God
Unquestioning, unwavering in my faith,
And knowing not the dreaded name of doubt,
Unvexed by thoughts of what and where is truth,
Nor fearing death might be the end of love.

Now even in the tender joy of love
I tremble, chased and held by hovering dreams
That point me to a skull and call it truth,
And to a wild world blank and bare of God,
Holding no answer to my weary doubt,
No light, no warmth to feed my sinking faith.

With longing eyes I see the simple faith,
The life of common cares and kindly love,
Of gentle souls unharassed by black doubt.
O might I share their hope and dream their dreams,
And kneel with them and pray to the dear God,
And know the comfort of their Word of Truth !

But no ; to try all paths in quest of truth,
Not dwelling in walled creeds ; to hold no faith

SESTINA

Save what my own clear spirit draws from God ;
To wear no fetters but the bonds of love —
No way but this to scatter evil dreams,
And ride with hope upon the waves of doubt.

For surely doubt is but the sword of truth,
Fatal to dreams, the guard of manly faith,
The test of love — and what is love but God ?

SESTINA

THE ADVENTURERS



OIST every sail ! On, on into the
deep !
Into the deep where many voices
call —
Caressing voices singing round our
bark,

Stern voices of the thunder and the storm,
Strange voices whispering secret words of God
Far o'er the seas from some remoter shore.

The timorous friends who watch us from the shore
Would daunt us with the perils of the deep.

“ Tempt not,” they cry, “ the dreadful hand of
God ! ”

“ Stay, stay with us ! ” the well-loved voices call.

“ Ah ! see ye not the gathering of the storm
That waits to tear and rend your staggering bark ? ”

Light in the breeze, with swelling sails, our bark
Bounds with the waves that bear her from the shore ;
Our hearts are bold to meet the fiercest storm,
And glad to ride the vast, long-heaving deep
Bright in the sun ; we heed no hindering call,
Free of the wide untravelled realm of God.

Within our valiant breasts the voice of God
Sounds grave and sweet, and all about our bark
The gleaming waves, the broad-winged birds that call,
The breaking surge upon the distant shore,
And all the murmur of the moving deep —
Seem voices of the Power that rules the storm.

Now comes the night, and with the night the storm
Blots from the lonely sky the stars of God,
And wakes the slumbering fury of the deep ;
Horror and death ride black above our bark,
No lights are seen from any friendly shore,
No help is near to answer to our call.

But ever following some far-heard call,
Fearless and swift we sail in sun and storm

Through unknown seas; on many a strange new
shore

We touch but stay not — dwelling still with God,
In no walled town, but in our tight-built bark
Floating secure upon the floating deep.

Across the deep mysterious voices call,
And when our bark shall pass beyond the storm
It may be God will greet us from the shore.

ARCTOPOLIS

Ahi, quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura !

DANTE.



N the vague world of sleep, whose
shores are washed
By dreaming seas, and lit by ghostly
suns
And stars that shine not in the waking
sky,
I voyaged — if alone, or accompanied
By friends unseen or seen, I cannot tell;
For souls that wander in that world return
Half-dipped in some slow Lethe, bringing back
A troubled memory that half forgets
And half remembers; so I feel and grope,
Recalling what I saw, and now I touch
A floating shade, and now I strike the void.
Travelling I know not how, I reached at length
I know not what far region, bleak and grey

And cold,— of drifted snow and huddled ice,
Perhaps, and rare dark pools — I noted not —
Only that I was infinitely removed
From all familiar scenes, far in the dim
And desolate northern world. I felt the ache
Of strangeness and remoteness, and I saw,
Stretching about me under a sunless sky,
Lonely and endless wastes, empty and still ;
No tender green, no whisper of leaves, no gush
Of rippled waters, not a hint of life,
Motion or colour, — naught but bare and wide
Deserts of boundless space, empty and still,
Inhospitable as death.

Then was I ware,
In the dull light, of cumbered ruins vast
And terrible that rose on every hand
About me, strange, incalculably old,
Shaped in some long-forgotten fashion, — stark
And mute, like giants that had watched and watched
Sleepless since the beginning of the world,
Till the slow years had chilled them into stone.

Beauty or splendour, or homely air of rest
And pleasant harbourage for toil-worn men,
And sweet familiar cheer — these had they not ;
But towering vastness and inhuman strength,
And strangeness as of alien races old,
Long vanished from the highways of the earth —
Close-lipped and solemn races that had borne
The rigour of inhospitable climes,
And built them mighty walls that should endure,
And passed ; and all their labour and their joy
Slept in the embattled tomb their hands had piled ;
And over them inviolate silence watched,
And secular oblivion closed them round.

I looked, and as I looked more vast and vague,
More alien and unhomelike in my eyes
Loomed the huge masses of this city of death,
Frowning and bare, — no green caress of plants,
Embracing ivy and soft-bearded moss,
And flowers that peep from clefts of crumbling stone,
Soothed mortal ruin with the touch of life ; —
More and more distant seemed the hoary time

When in these streets the crowded stir of men
Moved with the buzz of voices long ago
Stifled and hushed ; more infinitely far
And strange the desert region seemed, and more
Importunate and biting grew the pain
Nostalgic that oppressed my homeless heart,
And troubled all my sense, till I awoke.

Waking, I sought to gather and to hold
Firm in my shuddering thought the dreadful shapes
Cyclopean of those halls untenanted,
To fix in memory the desolate land
Lifeless and bloomless, and its unlit skies.
In vain : the sullen waves Lethæan rolled
Oblivious o'er my soul, and dim and dim,
Paling and trembling, from my straining eyes
The shadowy forms receded, and again
I slept, and, sleeping, still, through darkling scenes
Withdrawing and confounded more and more,
I followed after fading shapes that fled,
And clutched at phantom images that slipped
Impalpable as vapour from my grasp,

And fed my sight on floating visions wan
That lost before my eyes colour and form,
And sought and sought vainly to win again
The irrecoverable memory
Of that lone city of the vanished dead,
Which still, uncertain, haunts my waking hours—
A vague remembrance of vast structures old,
Immeasurably old, and peopled once
By strange forgotten races,—standing now,
Ruined, and mute, and vacant, on the brink
Of deserts inconceivably remote.

CATULLUS



ORACE and Virgil I knew, and the
stern, deep-throated Lucretius :
Him of the chiselled phrase, smiling,
and wise, and humane ;
Builder of close-wrought songs, and
prince of *Æolian* music ;
Sage from whose lips is poured wisdom that lurks
in a smile.
Him of the magic line, the lofty thought, and the
noble
Tender heart that wept tears for the chances of fate.
Him of the knitted brows, whose speech is a thun-
dering torrent,
Rolling in rushing waves, charged with impetuous
thought ;
Loudly defying the gods, phantasmal features of terror
Fabled by shuddering men, children who cry in the
night ;

Who, impatient of dreams, unpeoples the sky of its
Masters,
Points to a bare bleak world, chaos of atom and
void,—
Man, as a shipwrecked seaman, disconsolate, naked
and helpless,
Cast upon alien shores, impotent creature of chance.
These I knew, but now what sudden voice in the
silence
Rising breaks on my ear, throbbing with passionate
life?
New, distinct, and strange, yet strangely near and
familiar,
Voice of a living man, tremulous cry of the heart !
Over the gulph of years, and the sullen Stygian waters,
Brother, I clasp thy hand ! Brother, I answer thy
call !
Thou, most human of all the Roman singers, Catullus,
Touchest our hearts with thy song, fillest our eyes
with thy tears.
Lovely and glowing the tints, and firm the line, and
the figures

Moving and real in the brief pictures that live in
thy words ;
Light, and changing, and swift, the bounding rush of
thy rhythm ;
Loud with passion and sin echoes the tale of thy life.
Joy in the earth and the sky, and the sea with its ships
and its islands,
Laughing waves that leap, lapping the threshold of
home ;
Joy in the throng of the city, and joy in the green of
the woodland,
Restless love of the road, hurry of vagabond feet ;
Kindly love of thy comrades, and deathless love of
thy mistress,
Love that tortured thy soul, love for a heart that
was false :
Still do they breathe in thy songs, thy bursts of tem-
pestuous music,
Sung in an old dead tongue, strains that are stronger
than death.
Stirred with the thrill of thy voice, and feeling the
touch of thy spirit —

Bard of the genial smile ! Bard of the bitterest
tears,
Tears of blood ! to thy shade I waft this tremulous
greeting :
Brother who livest though dead, hail and for ever
farewell !

JUVENTUS ANNI



USK and grey on the quiet fields, the
flowerless meadows,
Over the moist brown road, hangs
the impalpable mist,
Veiling the morning sun, the sky, and
all the horizon
Holds of tree-crowned slopes, populous dwellings
of men.
Bare black hedges enclose a space of grass, in the
silence
Lying mournfully still — never a tremour of air,
Never a gleam of gold on the dull green sward, on
the solemn
Trees that spread to the grey haggard and motion-
less arms.
Yet in the leafless boughs unstirred a chorus is rising
Fitful and brief, the shrill twitter of garrulous
birds.

Now a step on the path, a voice, and now in the distance
Harsh on the crumpled road rustles a hurrying wheel,
Heard from unseen spaces, withdrawn and islanded regions
Hidden away and wrapt close in the folds of the mist.

Yet, on the dubious verge of the blank inscrutable future,
Though the youthful year, timid, and fearful, and grave,
Draws about his brows the floating vaporous mantle—
Yet in his throbbing veins leaping and ruddy and swift
Courses the virile blood, and, fresh for the march and the combat,
Supple and strong his limbs move on the shores of the world.

Yet, with streaming hair, with kindling eyes, in the zenith

Higher each resonant noon mounts the imperial Sun —

Mounts, and more slowly descends a steeper path to his western

Couch, and a longer spell lingering smiles in the sky.

Deep in the womb of Earth, diffused through aerial spaces,

Subtle and swift and sure, — under the night and the stars,

Under the querulous dawn of cheerless days, in the splendour

Fading and brief of the rare passage of luminous hours, —

Spirits of unborn life, invisible, hither and thither

Moving ceaselessly toil — marshall the quickening winds,

Loosen the clotted soil, in shrivelled trunks and in drooping

Boughs the languid sap drive in a hurrying stream,
Touch and kindle the seeds that wait to fling on the
woodlands
Garlands of gorgeous bloom, mantles of purple and
gold,
Stir the naked hedges to laughter of leaf and of
blossom,
Call from the alien South legions of amorous
birds,—
Far in the skies and deep in the earth prepare the
alluring
Splendour and pomp, the loud revel of jubilant
Spring.

IN THE VALLÉE DES VAUX, JERSEY



UNSHINE and blowing airs, white
clouds that move
Slowly across the blue, the winding
road
Low-walled, the peaceful house among
the trees,

This couch of trembling grass and feathered moss,
The green slope of the deep-enfolding hills :
The chirp of birds, the lowing kine, theplash
And ceaseless chatter of the tumbling stream,
The gradual murmur of rustled leaves that grows
Wave upon wave, and dies, and grows again,
And all the whispered sounds of quiet life. —
The rattle of a cart along the road
Troubles the deep seclusion, scatters all
The murmurs of the meadow and the stream,

88 IN THE VALLÉE DES VAUX, JERSEY

Breaks through and fills the silence, echoing loud
And far among the circling hills, — recedes,
And dies into the distance, — and again
The chirp of birds, the lowing kine, the splash
And ceaseless chatter of the tumbling stream,
The gradual murmur of rustled leaves that grows
Wave upon wave, and dies, and grows again,
And all the whispered sounds of quiet life
Possess the vale, and sink into my soul,
Silencing all its world of troubled thought,
And flooding all my heart with tranquil joy
Deep, deep and full. My pulses beat in time
With the vast pulse of universal life,
The throbbing heart of Nature ; I am one
With all the sights I see, and with the sounds
That fill the air my spirit sings in tune.
I am no more a stranger in the house,
But kin : the light clouds greet me as they pass,
The glowing sun beams a fraternal smile,
My sister breezes, hovering, kiss my cheek,
The trees delight to shade me, the green earth
Lovingly takes the pressure of my limbs ;

IN THE VALLÉE DES VAUX, JERSEY 89

I feel my veins a-tingle with the stream,
The bounding flood of life that flows and flows
Ceaseless through all things, and almost I hear
What the Great Mother murmurs in her sleep.

ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT: DECEMBER



CHILL grey day; black branches of
lean trees
Above, with here and there a tattered
leaf
Black lingering yet among the tufted
pods
Which the bleak air stirs lightly as it blows;
Over the low-ebbed river heavily
Hangs the grey fog; just seen the spectral bridge
Carries its spectral traffic over-stream;
Dim outlines of tall buildings through the fog
Loom from the farther shore, and here and there
A shadowy chimney or a ghostly spire.
Leaned on the parapet I watch the space
Of flowing water vanishing to left
And right into the grey obscurity.

Under the bridge comes a slow panting tug,
A line of barges trailed behind her; slow
They move with the slow current down the stream;
They pass before me, pass into the fog,
Become a vague black mass against the grey
That slowly draws about them, closes in
Upon them, blots them out, and they are gone;
And only the dark river lapses by
From greyness into greyness. In my ears
Ceaseless the sound of quick steps on the flags,
The rattle of wheels, and under all the roar
Confused of the vast city endlessly
Pulsing with multitudinous life.

How far,

How infinitely distant are the hills,
The murmurous woods, the babble of tumbled streams,
The light on the green meadows that I love—
The glowing world where every breath is joy,
Where all this huddled squalor is forgotten
Or doubtfully remembered like a dream,—
Where the uneasy movement and the clash

92 ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

Of hurried voices harsh is left behind,
Far, far behind, and all the quiet vales
Are hushed to hear when the Great Mother speaks.

But see ! as if a subtle Spirit breathed
Upon them unawares, — the dreary sky,
The low-hung mist, the slow black river, take
A look of sudden magic, a remote
And solemn beauty, and a sound is heard
Under the broken sounds that come and go,
The sudden steps, the passing wheels, the shiver
Of blackened boughs touched by the sullen breeze,
The murmur of distant streets — under them all,
Just heard, in every voice a deeper voice,
A voice of many voices mingled, low
And constant, — and a movement that is felt
In every movement sweeps upon my soul.
It is the murmur of the labouring world,
The rhythm of Eternal Life that moves
In leaf and waving grass, and in the stir
Of peopled cities and of rocking seas.

AN APOCALYPSE IN FLEET STREET



OT always among streams and forest ways
Do glimpses greet us of diviner days,
Of rarer beauties and of lovelier loves,
And sweeter flowers than bloom in earthly Mays.

In Fleet Street once did I the Gleam behold —
Fleet Street, where pressmen toil for little gold,
Where is not heard the coo of Venus' doves,
Nor love is known save what is bought and sold.

Thick sable clouds filled all the murky air,
And pressing multitudes the thoroughfare,
With hurrying steps and looks preoccupied ;
And clamour, and haste, and gloom were everywhere.

94 AN APOCALYPSE IN FLEET STREET

Then gradual over all there spread a glow
Subdued, and faint, and soft—an overflow
Of trickling light disperséd far and wide;
And spreading deep and deeper did it grow.

It grew, and o'er the roofs from westward came
A flash,—the widening splendour of a flame,—
That things familiar strangely were descried,
And naught of all that had been seemed the same.

It was the Wizard of the Western Beam
Had touched and torn the clouds, that thence a stream
Rolled rosy under hanging banks of dark,
And men and things were fused in a glamour of dream.

In this poor House of Life, so meanly planned,
Moments there are when walls and roof expand,
And when we learn, if only we will mark,
How near our dusty world is Fairyland.

THE GROTTO OF HAN

A mile or two above Han the *Lesse* suddenly disappears into the cliff, and having travelled some two miles underground, re-emerges into the open just above the village. The visitor to the Grotto ends by embarking on the subterranean stream, and is rowed out into daylight.



UR boat is loosened from the rocky
quay,
Our feeble lamps go out;
We glide through silent waters silently,
With darkness all about.

Beneath dim, vaulted arches, lost in night,
By shapeless shapes of gloom,
We pass along the river lorn of light
As toward some nameless doom.

A glint of brightness — is it day? It gleams
Mysterious on the cold grey granite wall,
Like elfin lights that through fantastic dreams
Hover, and glance, and fall.

We turn, and out beyond the dark, between
High leafy banks, the gleaming river flows,
And warm upon a world of waving green
The golden sunlight glows.

Some day a grimmer bark shall bear us hence—
Poor shades for ever lorn of life and love—
Upon a vaster stream, in gloom more dense ;
And silent we shall move

Through subterranean caves, while Charon wields,
Morose and taciturn, his silent oar —
Ah ! shall we see God's sunshine on green fields
Upon the farther shore ?





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